





## UNsung.

As sweet as the breath that goes  
From the lips of the white rose,  
As wild as the winds that tear  
The curled red leaf in the air,  
Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber a hundred times  
I've said the enchanted rhyme,  
But ere I open my eyes  
This ghost of a poem flies;  
Of the intercurrent strains  
Not even a note remains;  
I know by my pulses' beat  
It was something wild and sweet,  
And my heart is strangely stirred  
By an unremembered word!

I strive, but I strive in vain,  
To recall the lost refrain.  
On some moonlight day  
Perhaps it will come and stay;  
In some unimagined clime  
I may find my voice, and sing  
The song I have never sung.

—T. B. ALDRICH, from *Flower and Thorn*.

## A REPUBLIC OF PEACE.

BY REV. CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM, D.D.,  
Secretary of the American Peace Society.

The interesting letters of Bishop Haven concerning his recent visit to Liberia, have turned the attention of the readers of ZION'S HERALD to that country. Full of pathos as the early religious history of Liberia is, and sublime as were the sacrifices of those missionaries who went out there to lay down their lives for Christ, there is yet an extraordinary interest attached to the political history of the republic of Liberia. The dying words of Cox, calling with pathetic words for missionaries for Africa, thrilling the heart of Gilbert Haven when a boy with religious fervor, and causing to be kindled upon the altars of American Methodism such flames of consecration as illuminate to this day portions of the shadowed continent of Africa—this voice from the death-bed of Cox spoke for Africa words of peace, in that it called for the proclamation of the Gospel of peace through Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. But now this voice is echoed not by the Church alone, but by the State also, and we hear the republic of Liberia—which we may truly call the "republic of peace"—speaking in the words of a recent treaty, and saying, "Perpetual peace shall exist."

The student of history reads that most nations have been founded by conquest. The sword has cut a pathway along which the feet of advancing peoples have walked. The republic of Liberia, however, is an exception to this rule. It was founded by American Christians, with prayer and acts of love. Certain men, moved by philanthropy, without regard to various political and ecclesiastical opinions, united together to plant a "republic of peace" upon the shores of Africa. The names of Robert Finley, Samuel J. Mills, Archibald Alexander, and Jehudi Ashmun shall be forever memorable in the annals of Christian States; for these men, with the blessing of God upon their undertaking, founded by methods of peace a government which has taken its place amongst the nations of the earth. We are filled with wonder as we look upon the map, and see Liberia stretching six hundred miles along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean, with its magnificent position for sending the influences of Christian civilization four thousand miles across the continent, over a region teeming with inhabitants, crossed by rivers inviting commerce, with valuable mineral and agricultural resources, and with elevated lands and healthful climates. This wonder is increased as we remember that Liberia is a republic of peace, and that it will send forth its messengers into the vast regions beyond, not clad in the panoply of war, and not carrying the engines of death; but, upon the contrary, clothed in the vestments of peace, and bearing the holy Gospels. During the last year Liberia made a treaty of peace with the Gedeos, near Cape Palmas, agreeing that "perpetual peace shall exist."

The Liberian government, dealing with the natives more wisely than our government with the natives of this continent, promises them "equal rights," and recommends them to become citizens of the republic.

We are moved to enthusiasm as we hail these peaceful tokens upon the continent of Africa. With the spirit of prophecy upon us, we believe that God will make the least to be greatest, and that which was last to be the first. The new civilization of Africa shall be that of peace. Commerce and manufactures, the Church and the school, shall bring forth such harvests there as no sickle ever reaped before. Then, the dying wail of Cox calling for help, the solemn voices speaking from the missionary graves at Cape Mesurado, and the stirring appeals of Bishop Haven fresh from his visit to Liberia, shall be changed to the harmonious voices of peace and good-will chanting together concerning the conquests of Christ over a whole continent that shall be called the Republic of Peace.

## METHODISM FROM A HIMALAYAN STANDPOINT.

BY REV. WILLIAM F. WARREN, D. D.

By this afternoon's mail I received from Lucknow, India, a stout volume of 484 pages, devoted to the history and doctrines of Methodism, and to the polity and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From its preface I infer that it was written upon one of the southern spurs of the Himalaya mountains during the heated term of 1876. That such a massive volume should be produced in such a place; that it should be printed

on an American press in the ancient city of Lucknow; that it should find an English-reading market in "heathen India," are signs of the times whose significance it is not easy to measure.

The work is entitled, "Handbook of Methodism;" its author is Rev. James Mudge, B. D., well-known as editor of the *Lucknow Witness*, and occasional correspondent of ZION'S HERALD. The immediate purpose of the book is, of course, the practical one of furnishing the South Asiatic Methodist with that information respecting the antecedents and present position of his fathers and brothers in the Gospel as shall satisfy his natural interest, and enable him to guard himself against misleading representations. It recalls by a very natural association the "Compendium" published some years ago by Dr. James Porter, but the present is an entirely new work.

Several chapters I have devoured already. The six on Doctrines presented naturally strong attractions, but the sketches of the history of Methodist missions are of still more absorbing interest. The chapter on "Episcopal Methodist Missions in South India," (those founded by William Taylor) reads like a romance. Despite all that has previously been published upon this work, there is a strange sense of novelty in this straight-forward, connected rendering of the marvelous story. Indeed, if one desires a comprehensive survey of our entire missionary history, state and outlook, it would be hard to find elsewhere so fresh, complete and trustworthy an account as in these pages.

Considering the character of the work, its style is almost faultless. It is terse but fluent; unadorned yet elegant; compressed, yet as lucid as clear thinking can make it. Even typographically, the book would be a credit to a first-class American publishing house.

In reading almost every historical study we need to allow for and correct the parallax occasioned by the peculiar standpoint of the author. In the case of English writers on Methodism this parallax is, perhaps, what the astronomers call the heliocentric; in the case of Americans it more resembles the geocentric. Now, for the first time, we have the American writing on British soil, and as he has studied his subject first from the standpoint of the western world and then from that of the far eastern, he binocularly corrects both imperfections, giving us the true stereoscopic picture. May it be the happiness of thousands to survey the greatest movement of the last century and a half from this new Himalayan standpoint.

April 27, 1877.

## THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

BY REV. L. WHITE.

[Concluded.]

But the resurrection of Christ is not simply one of the miracles, any more than the death of Christ is that of one of the martyrs. It is the miracle of miracles—the crowning and sealing miracle which attests the divineness of them all. It is nothing less than the rescue of the very Founder of Christianity from the tomb in which other-wise had been buried all our hopes. You might prove the miraculous origin of Christ; you might establish unanswerably the fact of His death on the cross, and of every miracle wrought by Him previous to His death, and all would come short of proving Christianity to be what it claims to be. The first Adam, as well as the second, came into the world by a miracle. God formed him of the dust of the ground, and breathed into him the breath of a spiritual as well as natural life, and he became a living soul. Yet he proved himself unworthy to be the head of the Church upon earth. Miracles may have been wrought at the hands of men who afterwards proved unfaithful. Many a man has died in a good cause, crushed to earth in his fall, to rise not again by his agency. But the proof of the resurrection of Christ is the demonstration of Christianity itself as divine in its origin, and life eternal to the faithful.

The subject is, then, one of unchanging interest, and should never be allowed to recede from our view. As the death of Christ is glorious as an exhibition of the self-sacrificing love that would save, so in His resurrection glories as a demonstration of His power to save. Not His death alone, and not His resurrection alone, but the victory achieved by Him in His death, grandly sustained and completed in His resurrection, is the great historic fact of Christianity. Both are alike essential to our salvation—the one to free us from the condemnation of sin, the other to snatch us from the power of death. In the omnipotence of love the mighty Conqueror lays down His life to redeem us, and then in the strength of His divinity He takes it again—our omnipotent Saviour. Our deliverance involves a new creation. Christ must not only die for us, the just for the unjust, but He must rise again to put into operation the system of agencies by which our restoration is actually accomplished. Without His resurrection, the end contemplated in His death could never have been reached.

A human government may find sufficient ground for offering pardon to an offending subject, and yet not have the power to restore him from the consequences of his transgression. He may be in chains, and under the dominion of some alien tyrant whose power must be broken before he can be reached. In the very act of rebellion, he may have lost his possessions, ruined his health, and rendered himself pow-

erless to rise above the evils which he has brought upon himself, and take the first step towards returning to his forfeited post of honor. It is not executive pardon alone that he wants, but also the hand of a liberal benefactor, the healing power of the physician, and perhaps the rescuing sword of the chieftain. Many a rebel soldier in our late national struggle has lost a right arm. Some may even now be dying from the slow working of wounds received in rebellion. An amnesty proclamation may offer pardon, but it is powerless to restore life or limb.

So the atonement made by the death of Christ could have availed us nothing, had He not also risen triumphant over death, to be to us a great Physician and Benefactor, an ever-wise Counselor, and a victorious Leader—the Life, the Truth, the Way. It is not a buried, but a living, Saviour that we need, one who is mighty to save, not from condemnation only, but also from spiritual death with its attendant woes. It is the dying Saviour who as the end of the law for righteousness makes our pardon possible; it is the living Saviour who comes to us as a spiritual presence, convicts us of sin, breathes into us the breath of a new and higher life, and restores our fallen, decaying manhood; and it is the living Saviour who has organized the Church militant, and who equips us each with spiritual armor, and is our great Chieftain in the work of overcoming the powers of darkness, and bringing back a fallen world to God, and our divine Instructor and inspiration in the nobler work of reconstructing human life and society under the heavenly discipline of justice, truth and love.

At Christmas appeared a star of promise. On a mournful Friday, the saddest day earth ever saw, this same star, already surpassing in brightness every other that had met human vision, went down in darkened heavens into the night of a quaking earth. On Easter morn rose again this wonderful Star, now in all the splendor of divinity, to flood a bewitched world with His beams, to bring to every heart that shall open to receive it the light of a new life, and to shed a heavenly radiance upon all the innocent pleasures of earth. Well now may Christmas be a glad day to the sons of men, since earth has found her orbit in the light of heaven! On Easter day, in presence of the full-orbed glory of the Sun of Righteousness, it is well that we be less demonstrative, for earth has no fitting voice. But, if silent, let it be in thoughtful, reverent, grateful adoration. The promise of Bethlehem is fulfilled. Jesus is Lord. *Ecc homo, ecce Deus*—Christmas and Easter!

## THE BIBLE A HANDBOOK TO MORALITY.

BY REV. GEORGE W. NORRIS.

Some men of thoughtful habits and cultivated intellect are asking, "To what profit is the Bible given to the world? Let every people enjoy their own religion." To which the Christian may reply, many religions at their best estate are simply endurable, and such a person can enjoy; but the Bible is the text-book of a religion which every true disciple may enjoy.

The nervous Saxon of the Words says, "The world lieth in the wicked one;" and we need not go beyond New England in a political campaign to see such shames and crimes, even in the name of purity, as to lead us to ask, "Who will show us any good?" Human nature left to itself runs surely to vicious self-indulgence as an unkept garden to weeds.

Ancient philosophy and modern culture seem alike helpless in presence of the problem of the purification of humanity. Be watchful, say these doctors of human depravity, and suppress the expression of the sin within the soul. Lay such restraints of social culture, public opinion and educational influence upon the man, as to secure him against vicious indulgence. But, alas! suppression is not cure, neither can the sepulchre purify it. The heart full of "nature," albeit diligently held "with bit and bridle," will now and then let the "mask of seeming slip aside," and then men see what God knew all the while, and what the continual struggle for repression and concealment would not let the soul itself forget—the "heart desperately wicked." Naturalist and philosopher are helpless. Our Bible alone shows us a remedy: "Taking heed thereto according to Thy Word," cleanses the life.

The missionary says to the pagan chief, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." The thoughtful pagan replies, "If a man could have a new heart, this might be." Truly, "It is not in man that walketh, to direct his steps," in purity; neither is the power to do righteously "of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth;" but, hark! the word of the Lord says, "I will take away the stony heart and give you a heart of flesh;" "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean;" and "ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." The blood of Christ is the only effectual remedy for sin, and this is revealed only in the Bible.

This blood is the life of Christ, and, being sacrificed for us, it purchases our pardon which personal submission and true secures to the awakened sinner. By the death of Christ it becomes possible for "God to be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." But pardon without purifying must be immorally repeated, or be valueless. So our Bible tells us that the pu-

ri-fying of the soul becomes possible by the transfusion of the life of Christ, and is secured by active, personal consecration of the soul to a life of obedience and trust. So that every soul with a genuine Christian experience, so "has the witness in himself," as to say and show: "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God; because Christ liveth in me."

The grace of God manifest in Jesus Christ, revealed in the written Word, does cure the soul of sin, and no other remedy exists for this worst of all ills. Hence, we give the Bible to the world.

## WHY PROVIDE INSTRUCTION FOR THE FREEDMEN.

BY REV. I. J. LANSING.

The charity which feeds the immortal mind is more necessary than that which only feeds the body; for, aside from the superior uses of a living intellect, it is evident that when the ignorant mind is strengthened by the bread of knowledge, it can devise and execute plans for feeding and protecting the body. If of two heinous sins, one is more grievous than another, I hold that the injustice which enforces the unpaid toil of the slave is not so abhorrent as the crime of degrading the mind by denying to it all privilege of learning. In our denunciation of the system of slavery, while we dwell upon the enormity of keeping back by fraud the hire of the laborer, we have too generally lost sight of the greater evil which denied to the slave the elements of learning, and purposely stamped out the divine fire of intelligence. To beat out a man's brains with a club wrongs him not more than to entomb him alive in the dark dungeon of enforced ignorance.

The effect of this wickedness on a large scale, we may study in the present mental blindness of our poor freedmen. The evil that it produced is unspeakable. Ignorance is inwrought with all their woes, and intelligence must displace it, in all their progress. They are ignorant of trades. Their hands were made clumsy and their work rude, so that they might not break their bonds. The prevailing idea among Southern people was that education unfitted the laborer for his place. Nor has this idea been rooted up. The skill of the workman, the amount of thought put into his handiwork, measures its worth and his wages. The carter never receives as much pay as the watchmaker. So directly it may be inferred that the freedmen cannot hope to escape poverty until they gain education.

As they know only the power of an unskilled hand, the most of life and the chief of their powers are to them as an unseen book. The brightest page in their history is before them, and only the hand of the Christian teacher can unclose the seals, that the page may be worthily written.

The particular reason for our obligation to assist the freedmen to education is that it bears directly on their moral and religious condition. Intelligence stands between physical comfort and religious progress, and has a helping-hand for each.

The highly moral communities of our land owe their correct view of morals to their ability to read the Word of God and to receive enforcement of the same through all branches of knowledge. They have Bibles, religious books and periodicals to which they are indebted for their Christian character. The good Christians who cannot read are comparatively few, and these few have been unusually favored by the society and instruction of those who could read the Word for themselves. We can perceive how much we are indebted to such knowledge, not only by looking at communities who are denied it, but by reflecting on what our condition would be if we were deprived of all the help and inspiration to godliness which we have received from reading. In this state of ignorance, we, like others, would have to depend on uncertainties—rumors of truth very imperfectly grasped. So the truth would not impress nor control us, because not fairly understood. Such people, also, are superstitious, falsely coloring the little glimpses of truth which they hear, and the impulses of passion overcome the feeble resistance of half-truths half understood.

There is a remarkable association of ignorance and crime, and the chief reason for the ignorance of criminals is that their voluntary ignorance is one of their chief crimes. I never heard of a converted person who was not anxious to learn to read. Therefore, that the freedmen may become moral, we must satisfy their hunger for knowledge. If we are, before God, responsible for our brothers' physical welfare (see Matt. xxv), much more are we responsible for his moral welfare, and therefore are bound to teach him sufficiently so that he may search the Word of God for his soul's salvation in time and eternity.

I will not speak of the great duty of patriots to protect their native land by instructing their fellow-citizens, who otherwise will destroy it by their ignorance. But having suggested to the Christian his undoubted duty to teach his neighbor, for righteousness' sake, I beg to make immediate application of this exhortation to our duty to the ignorant freedmen, who are ignorant because forced to it, and who now beg most piteously that we would teach them.

Our freedmen's schools are distinctively schools of religion and morals as well as secular knowledge. They are, in truth, Churches open seven days in the week, as I shall be glad to show hereafter.

## PLAIN PREACHING.

BY REV. ANTHONY PALMER.

Jesus Christ was a plain preacher. He did not fire at random, or make any false motions. He had an object. He not only aimed at it, He hit it, always. He sometimes used what we should denominate abrupt, harsh language. For example: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" But plain preaching is not necessarily discourteous preaching. Jesus always spoke the truth in love.

He was not a popular preacher; His apostles were not. Dr. Bushnell says that "true religion never was popular in this world; never will be." Is he right? "Marvel not if the world hate you." How can a man be regarded with complacency by the world, while he is bearing a faithful testimony against its evil practices? For my part, I feel sure that I was never cut out for a popular preacher; or, if so, it is very certain that I was spoiled in making up; for I never could faithfully declare the whole counsel of God, without running against somebody. But it is a consolation to think that we are in good company. I remember it was precisely so with Christ and His apostles. Many instances will readily suggest themselves. And yet, to rebuke sin is a plain duty: "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him." One of the signs of the last days is, the people "will not endure sound doctrine." Has that time come?

And so, to be a popular preacher, one must be careful not to say anything that will hurt anybody's feelings. But conscience says, "Work to the line." The locomotive keeps the track, turning neither to the right nor left, and if man do not wish to be run down, they must hasten to take themselves out of the way. It is remarkable how fond some are of plain preaching—till it happens to hit them. Then it's, "None of your personalities." "Those are my feet, if you please!"

The truth needs no apologies; it asks none. I never asks for quarter, but it does ask for fair play, and will have it. It is safe to follow Christ's example; but Jesus once hurt a man's feelings, very much, by His preaching. Denouncing the Scribes and Pharisees as hypocrites, one of His hearers, a Jewish lawyer, said, "Thus saying, Thou reproachest us, also." Did Jesus hasten to take it back, saying, "Sir, I am very sorry if I have said anything to hurt your feelings," etc.? Not much. But His reply was simply, "Woe unto you, ye lawyers, also; for ye lay on men burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."

Plain preaching is a power for good. St. Paul says: "All things that are re-proved are made manifest by the light, for whatsoever doth make manifest is light." "Thy word is truth," not a jot or tittle of which shall fail, and we need not fear the consequences of its most earnest proclamation. "Let him that hath My word, speak My word faithfully; for what is the chaff to the wheat?" It is a fearful thing to dilute the Gospel; to lower the standard and requirements of the divine message. A diluted Gospel is not what is demanded by the times.

A man once proposed to his minister to change his seat in the Church. Said he, "I can hear and see well enough where I sit; but the fact is, your preaching comes over so many heads between the pulpit and my pew, that by the time it gets out there it is as flat as dish-water; and I must get nearer the pulpit." Whether the operation resulted as anticipated, deponent never had the means of knowing.

The faithful preacher's encouragement is that the enlightened conscience is always on the side of the truth. "Never man spake like this man." The world's great settlement-day is at hand. Better, infinitely better, to hear the Master's "Well done," than to share the fulsome praises of men.

## "SECRET OF STRENGTH."

In this new book, by Maria Bruce Lyman, just published by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., the author has been very skillful in laying the plot so as to bring in so many and so diverse characters. The book cannot fail to stimulate the reader to try and live a higher and better life, and to teach him how to do it. The following points are sharply illustrated, which are of the highest importance: The peace that flows from a life "hid with Christ in God," is beautifully illustrated, as is also the right use of money—the right conception of wealth as the Lord's; ours only as stewards. Kindness to the poor is another of its most valuable lessons; also the right view of amusements and the position a Christian ought to take in reference to them. On all these points wise words are spoken, and forcible illustrations are brought forward in the characters introduced. The book should be in every family, and cannot fail to do good.

## RELIGIOUS NEWS.

No less than 40,000 children of the Fiji Islanders are now in Sunday-school, and thousands of the people are consistent Christians. Yet it is but forty years since these people were cannibals.

Rev. Edward Woolsey Bacon, late of Geneva, Switzerland, was installed as pastor of the First Congregational Church in Norwich, Conn., last week.

Rev. Dr. Ide, of Medway, is the oldest minister of this State, if not of New

England. He is in his ninety-second year, and is a beloved father in the Gospel.

The receipts of the American Bible Society for the year ending March 31, were \$515,579 55. The volumes issued during the year, not including those issued in foreign lands, were 621,726.

On a recent Sabbath evening, after a sermon by Bishop Dudley, the rite of confirmation was administered in Christ Church, Louisville, Ky., to more than seventy persons.

The Reformed Episcopalians propose to organize a synod for New York, and Rev. Dr. Sabine is mentioned as a candidate for the office of Bishop.

Rev. W. H. Jeffers, D. D., pastor of the Euclid Street Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, Ohio, has been elected Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, in place of Rev. Dr. M. W. Jacobus, deceased.

It is estimated from various data that the number of accessions and conversions within the bounds of the Illinois Conference, during the past winter, was 9,000, and that the number of accessions to the Methodist Episcopal Church during the last six months in Illinois is over 25,000.

The *Congregationalist* says:—"Much interest continues in our Churches in Cambridge; something like 50 or 75 conversions at the Pilgrim Church, and quite a number at the First Church, Old Cambridge; while from 40 to 50 expect to unite with the Prospect Street Church, among them the mayor of the city, Hon. Frank A. Allen."

Francis Brown, son of President S. G. Brown, of Hamilton College, has gained the prize fellowship at Union Theological Seminary, worth \$700 a year for two years, with which to continue his theological studies in Germany. Mr. Brown is a graduate of Dartmouth College. The conditions of receiving the prize were that he should complete his seminary course with the highest standing in Hebrew and Greek and in general theological scholarship.

There are 3,509 Congregational Churches with 350,658 members in the United States, and 3,333 ministers. In 1876, 20,884 were added on profession of faith, and 12,400 by letter. There were 10,446 adults and 5,388 infant baptisms. The benevolent contributions reported were \$1,278,252, and the expenditures were \$2,584,166. There was a gain of 71 churches, and a large increase in membership. The increase in ministers was not in proportion to the increase in churches. The average length of the pastorate is from 4 to 5 years. The longest is that of Dr. Leonard Withington, which was 61 years; there are 60 of over 25 years; 41 over 30; 28 over 35; 17 over 40; 7 over 45; and 6 of 50 and over.

## Our Book Table.

THE Bampton Lectures for 1876 were delivered before the University of Oxford, by William Alexander, D. D., D. C. L., Bishop of Derby and Raphoe. The lectures are all apologetic, either defenses of the doctrine of the Trinity, the divinity of our Lord and of the Holy Ghost, of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, in answer to attacks of heretics and scepticisms, and in confirmation of the Nicene Creed. Last year the subject was one of special interest. It is The Witness of the Psalms to Christ and Christianity. These able lectures cover every shade of the controversy relating to the Messianic Psalms, and present, in connection with a complete exposition of the doctrine of the Messiah, a careful consideration of all the chief modern criticisms upon them, and a full development of their indirect and direct intimations, prophecies and confirmations of Christianity as the substance of all their significant symbols, and of Christ the hope of the patriarchs, prophets and psalmists, as well as the desire of all nations. This valuable monograph is a useful addition to our expository as well as apologetic literature, and will be readily sought by all who have heretofore purchased the admirable series of lectures delivered upon the foundation of the late Canon of Salisbury. The work is dedicated to the memory of the late cultivated and devoted wife of the Bishop, Mrs. C. F. Alexander, whose fine devotional hymns are to be found in every modern collection. The book makes a small 8vo of 312 pages, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., and is for sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co. Price \$2.00.

Lockwood, Brooks & Co. publish, in a thin octavo of 57 pages, a very instructive and interesting essay by S. G. W. Benjamin upon the question, WHAT IS ART? The substance of it has been delivered before several literary societies. It treats of the different provinces of art, of the canons of true art, of the office of art, and the practical use of its study and cultivation. It is a well-written treatise upon a subject of present interest among our young scholars in its various departments.

Roberts Brothers have issued the fourth of their No Name Series, under the borrowed, but expressive title of A MODERN MESSIAH. It is a wild story, with the terrible fascination, if lacking the singular grace, of Hawthorne's tales. It is a sensational story of marked power, improbable, and demanding a large contribution from the bruised sensibilities of its readers, without any considerable compensation in the skill and power shown in the conception and execution of the work, or in the moral lessons which it develops.

Dodd, Mead & Co. publish a handy little manual for housekeepers. We are not experts in this line, but it looks as if it were arranged by one skilled in the work to which she has set herself. It is entitled THE COOKING MANUAL OF PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR ECONOMICAL EVERY DAY COOKERY, by Juliet Corson, Superintendent of the New York Cooking School. The question which the authoress has set herself to answer is, How can we best live if we are moderately poor? And here, in this little book, is her intelligent response.

Dick & Fitzgerald publish a timely little garden hand-book, entitled THE VEGETABLE GARDEN: A Complete Guide to the Cultivation of Vegetables, by James Hogg, 12mo, 137 pp. It gives plain and clear directions as to the planting, care and preparation for the table of the whole list of summer garden products, and will be welcomed by amateur gardeners.

From the same house we have No. 4 of their list of Recitation and Reading Manuals, containing every variety of selection, from sober and humorous literature, for home and professional reading and recitation. It is edited by William P. Dick. Our public readers are so numerous that the book-makers can hardly keep pace with them, and here is another good compilation.

One of the best local Church records that we have read is A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN WELLESLEY, MASS., by Rev. Albert P. Palmer. It makes a thin double-column of 84 pages, and is for sale by J. P. Magee. Well-edited is one of the oldest of our Churches, and has been, in former years, blessed with the ministry of nearly all our leading men. Its records must have been admirably kept, or the excellent author has been indefatigable in collecting reminiscences from the memories of ancient men and women. The volume is very entertaining, and must have special attractions for those who have personal recollections of the men of a previous generation. In 1815, the next year after joining the New England Conference, the father of the editor, Rev. T. C. Peirce, was stationed in Wellesley. We read with keen sympathy the touching and true record of the faithfulness and success of a ministry that continued from 1814 until 1850. We are greatly obliged to the author for a copy of his valuable record.

The National Temperance Society and Publication House, New York, have issued two very valuable treatises: 1. ALCOHOL AS A FOOD AND MEDICINE, by Ezra M. Hunt, A. M., M. D. This valuable paper was read at the International Medical Congress, September, 1876. It is a thorough, reliable, and very impressive confirmation of the highest ground taken by the friends of temperance as to the poisonous and deteriorating nature of alcohol when introduced into the human system. Our ministers and lecturers will peruse its pages with profit. 2. GOSPEL TEMPERANCE, by Rev. J. M. Van Buren. In the volume noticed above we have the testimony of science; here we have the inculcations of Scripture in reference to the effects of intoxicating drinks. The book contains a plain, pungent and impressive series of short discourses upon the relation of religion to intemperance.

Lee & Walker, Philadelphia, publish SONGS OF BULIAR, for Sunday-schools, Families and Devotional Meetings, by Rev. S. L. Harkey and by M. J. Barringer. This volume proposes to substitute substantial hymns and melodies for the prevalent sentimental music—a noble effort, if well accomplished.

Robert Carter & Brothers add to their juvenile library NELLIE'S SECRET, or BROTHER ALLEY AND SUNSHINE, by M. M. Polford—a touching story of very humble English life and Christian work with the lowly. Also, ELLA'S HALF-SOVEREIGN, or PAINS AND GAINS—a story of the Wyngate family, by the author of Ella, in which Ella found that her work was not in vain, either for herself or others.

Of the Town and Country Series, the third volume is a pleasant and wholesome story, well wrought out, by Miss Peard, author of Rose Garden, and entitled A WINTER STORY. 16mo, 257 pp. Price \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Oliver Dison & Co. publish THE SCHOOL SONG BOOK FOR YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARIES AND NORMAL SCHOOLS, by C. Everett. The author, who has been a teacher in the Girard Normal School, Philadelphia, has afforded ample opportunity to judge as to the best music to be selected, and also the elementary lessons required for this class of pupils. The book seems to be a well-prepared and excellent text-book of school music.

James R. Osgood & Co. have made an addition to their Poems of Places by Henry W. Longfellow—one of the most attractive collections of modern poetry—of three volumes, upon Italian subjects, entitled ITALY. This series of beautiful miniature volumes is \$1.00 each.

In a similar style, the same house issues the quiet and charming story of DREYHAGEN, by Sarah O. Jewett. It is so true to nature that the characters and pictures have been supposed to be taken from actual life and nature, and their originals are guessed, to the discomfort and denial of the accomplished authoress. It is a delightful little volume.

The same house also publishes Bret Hartle's TWO MEN OF SANDY BAR—a much criticized drama, of the merits of which our readers can now readily judge for themselves.

Lockwood, Brooks & Co. publish, in appropriate volume, entitled THE BRIDAL SOUVENIR, by Rev. Samuel Collier, a very tasteful and appropriate collection of prose and poetic selections, forming a pleasant gift to a newly married couple.

Harper & Brothers add to their beautiful series of text-books in English literature an edition of SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF MACBETH. Edited by William J. Rolfe. It is a beautifully printed small quarto, illustrated, and accompanied by profuse and valuable notes. The accomplished author, late master of the Cambridge high school, shows a fine appreciation of what is needed in our higher classes in the public schools; and in preparing his attractive monographs of classical English writers he is performing a valuable service, which will meet with warm appreciation.

The same house adds to the Half Hour Series, THE LIFE, TIMES AND CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL, by Rt. Hon. E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M. P. This was first delivered as a popular lecture, which met with so much acceptance as to secure, as it deserved, a more permanent form, improved and enlarged.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish, in their list of juvenile books, an interesting and valuable addition, entitled THE SEED OF THE CHURCH; A Tale of the Days of Trajan, by Helen Mary Dickinson. It is a pathetic story of persecution and holy courage—the baptism of blood, which became "the seed of the Church." It is a successful attempt to give a graphic representation of the times of Christian persecution in the reign of the Emperor Trajan.

For the younger readers the same house sends out LITTLE KATY AND JOLLY JIM, handsomely published and wholesome and entertaining stories. They issue also a new, and always acceptable, volume from A. L. O. E., bearing the title, A WREATH OF INDIAN STORIES. The accomplished authoress is now in India. A pleasant account of her, and her missionary work, forms the introduction to the present volume.

The same publishers issue a beautiful edition of MY SAVIOUR, or Devotional Meditations on the Name and Titles of the Lord Jesus Christ, by Rev. John E. A. M. It is a religious classic, embodied in many hearts by hours of devout reading and meditation.

NEW MUSIC. From F. W. Helmick: Angels Met Him at the Gate—a tribute to the memory of P. P. Bliss—by C. M. Currier.







upon this storm-tossed sea of social science.

We have been favored from some source with two extra marked copies of the *Commonwealth*, containing the discourse of Mr. Savage, preached April 29, in his church, in review of, and in answer to, the Monday lecture of Mr. Cook. We have the *Commonwealth* regularly as an exchange, and read much of it, not always including Mr. Savage's sermons, with pleasure and profit. We also take the *Providence Journal*. To the great satisfaction of our friends, *THE HERALD* is a weekly preservative in the office and family of our old friend, the publisher of the *Commonwealth*. We are sorry not to be able to speak approvingly, or even patiently, of the weak dogmatism which we have forced ourselves to read in this long sermon of Mr. Cook, which we can only compare to the *sermones inanes* of the *sermones inanes* to the great improvement, and, one-half, in the *Unitarian Review*, just out for May is an able discussion, from the Unitarian standpoint, of Mr. Cook's lectures. It is conducted, as a whole, generously, frankly, and with signal ability. It is calm, keen and clear, condensed, pointed and discriminating. It is a credit to the extraordinary ability of the lecturer, to his wide scholarship, his remarkable forensic power, and to his valuable contributions to a sound spiritual science which he has made, in portions at least of his course. But Mr. Savage's sermon has not one of these qualities of temper or execution. It is a sermon, dogmatic and unbalanced, and, in its treatment of its opponent, and in its conclusions, as ungenerous and unskillful as any we have seen of late.

It weakens the reputation of its opponent, and makes no contribution to the common fund of knowledge. We read Mr. Clarke's Music Hall sermon, as a whole, with pleasure. We should only desire to largely supplement its statements, and can accept nearly every statement it makes. We should only state the same things somewhat differently. Mr. Clarke's *Review*, as we







## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.

Sunday, May 20.

Lesson VIII. Jonah III. 1-10.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

## JONAH AT NINEVEH.

Our lesson carries us forward about twenty-two years beyond the date of Jehu's slaughter of the Baal-worshippers in Samaria, and introduces us to a "book of unknown authorship, of unknown date, of disputed meaning, but of surpassing interest—the Book of Jonah." By some of the Jewish doctors Jonah was identified with the son of the widow of Zarephath, whom Elijah restored to life; but this supposition has little support. He is called by Jehovah to go to the vast Assyrian capital and preach repentance to its wicked inhabitants. God called him to a work like Elijah's, but he lacked Elijah's courage to face an empire with a divine denunciation. He attempts to run away from duty, goes down to the port of Joppa, takes passage in a Mediterranean ship, thinking to lose sight of Nineveh and forget Jehovah's message as he sails from Joppa. He falls asleep, fatigued by a hurried journey. A storm sweeps over the waters, and the sailors are in despair. They suspect their strange passenger as the cause of their peril, and ply him with searching questions. Jonah's conscience was a more violent accuser than the heathen crew; and he affirmed with the frank self-surrender of genuine penitence, "I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you—cast me forth into the sea." Calling upon Jonah's God for deliverance from the perils of the deep, the seamen threw the prophet overboard; and the storm was hushed. By a strange rescue the runaway prophet was saved from drowning; for a great fish enclosed him in the cavity of his huge body, and after "three days and three nights" living in the depths of the unseen world, the whale throws him out where he can set foot on shore, and sing of his wonderful deliverance in the hymn which the third chapter records in language that breathes the same lofty gratitude and devotion that many of the Psalms express.

"The third and fourth chapters briefly detail Jonah's fulfillment of the divine command, and present us with another exemplification of his refractory temper. His attempt to flee from the presence of the Lord must have sprung from a partial insanity produced by the excitement of distressing toils in an irascible and melancholy heart. The mild of Jonah was dark and moody, not unlike a lake which mirrors in the waters the gloomy thunder clouds which overshadow it, and flash over its sullen waves a momentary gleam."

The word of the Lord. A clear, direct message which Jonah recognized as divine. How it was that God communicated His word to the prophets we do not know. Our own experiences tell us that certain deep, silent convictions settle themselves down into our souls with such force that we recognize them as God's will—God's word to us. It is not unlikely that such was the "call" of Jonah which he had once resisted, and which now came to him again after his most startling and humbling adventure.

The second time. The divine mercy as well as the divine authority follows the obstinacy and wandering of men. Jonah had forfeited mercy; but God pitied him while he made an altar of the whale's belly, and prayed for his life to be spared. Jonah had cast aside God's authority, but still it was pressed upon him as the "still, small voice" said, "Go to Nineveh."

Nineveh, that great city—the mammoth capital of the Assyrian empire, stretching over three hundred and seventy-five square miles of territory. It was not compactly built, for oriental cities were usually laid out with numerous parks and gardens enclosed within the circumference.

Nineveh means the residence of Ninus, i. e. Nimrod. (See Gen. x. 11.) Its walls were 100 feet high, broad enough to allow three chariots abreast, and surrounded at different points with 1,500 lofty towers. From the number of children given (ch. ix. 11) it has been estimated that the population was at least a million. "Jonah is the first apostle to the Gentiles, though involuntary and unconscious," the forerunner of Paul. "The distinct claims of the Gentile world on the justice and mercy of God are first recognized in the Book of Jonah."

Preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee—"proclaim the proclamation," literally. In the former commission Jehovah had told him what his message should be—"Cry against it." Now He does not reiterate. Jonah, no doubt, heard the old order still ringing in his ears, and was ready, after the discipline just received, to execute the will of God. Chastisement is necessary sometimes, in the economy of God as well as in that of the human family, to bring the rebellious spirit into obedience to the Father's will. Jonah's experience of three days of living death had subdued him.

So Jonah arose—not a word of complaint as to the severity of the task; he saw it was of no avail to run away from Jehovah. Our only happiness and peace can be found in the direct line of duty. There are not only tempests and whales in the direction of Tarsish, but the stings and whips of conscience—a thousand times worse than the howl of a storm or the maw of a Leviathan—visit the soul that flees from duty.

Three days' journey—about 60 miles in circumference, which estimate allows 20 miles to a day's journey.

Repent to enter, etc. The expression seems to indicate that he made his way into the vast metropolis slowly, stop-

ping here and there to deliver his message.

He cried . . . Ye forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown. This was the short, sharp sermon that Jonah proclaimed in the streets of that great city. His first message, which was never delivered, was a warning to Nineveh against her sins. But now Jehovah put a more terrible proclamation upon the lips of His messenger, and the Ninevites heard this "man of God" crying the doom of their city in their ears day after day.

So the people of Nineveh believed God. Plain preaching is always the best. God's messages delivered without gloss or misstatement will be sure to move men. Jonah did not preach repentance, but doom. God understood how to touch the heart of Nineveh most directly. The population had sunk to a low level even for heathen, and there was nothing but doom if their sins were not forsaken. And hearing the earnest, solemn preaching of Jonah, roused the people to seek refuge from destruction by asking for shelter under the hand of the prophet's God. Perhaps Jonah told them his own experience—which was a wonderful testimony to God's saving power—and they believed his words. All the more weighty since he once tried to avoid preaching against the city.

Proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth. The signs of penitence at once appeared. The whole city was moved, all classes and ages, and there was universal contrition. Fasts and sackcloth were the outer signs of their hearty sorrow for sin. Old Nineveh in her tears and ashes of penitence stands as a lasting rebuke to the stubborn cities against which Christ said "Woe," and to many a proud metropolis since Christ's day which has not repented under God's messages.

The king of Nineveh . . . arose from his throne. The sovereign himself was convinced of "sin," righteousness and judgment," and stepped down from his place of regal splendor to the place of penitence. No Gentile city that Paul ever visited was so profoundly moved. When the people of proud Nineveh saw their king sitting in ashes, they must have felt that a great calamity was truly impending.

Let neither man nor beast . . . taste . . . nor drink. This was . . . the authority of the king, through his nobles, so that there might be everywhere, in street and field and pasture, visible signs of the penitence of the whole city.

When the Persian general Masistias was slain, the horses and mules of the Persians were shorn as well as themselves." (Faust).

Let them turn every one from his evil way. The king in some way had learned the real meaning of repentance. He first commanded that all should "cry mightily to God;" prayer comes first. We cannot thoroughly repent without divine help. Heavenly light alone will reveal the blackness of sin. Then, with a thorough conviction of sin, and with the knowledge of God, repentance means a turning from the "evil way" and from violence.

A liquor seller in the West, during a religious revival, made up his mind to lead a new life. Instead of selling off the fine lot of liquors on hand, he carried the whole stock to the front of the meeting-house, and there made a bonfire of it. While the people inside the house were rejoicing in the light of the divine presence, the outer glare denoted that a prodigal was returning.

Who can tell if God will repent? etc. There is in this thought an element of true faith—a very commendable sentiment, coming as it did from a heathen. His pagan notion of deity is seen in ascribing the possibility of repentance to God. God is unchangeable. When man turns from sinfulness to faith he so changes his own attitude that God appears to have changed; he sees another phase of the same divine character.

God saw their works. He was watching, as He always does, the working out of His purposes in the earth.

And God repented of the evil, etc. That is (the language of the king's wish is used), God seemed to repent of His threat after Nineveh repented. And the repentance of the great city led to His salvation. Except we repent we perish.

## ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, May 20.

1. Who was the prophet Jonah?

2. Give his history as set forth in the first and second chapters of the Book of Jonah.

3. Describe Nineveh.

4. How did the first and second messages which God gave to Jonah for Nineveh differ?

5. Was the repentance of the city genuine?

6. How does our penitence affect God and His decrees?

## THE WONDERFUL.

BY REV. ARA DILLARD.

What is there on earth, or in heaven, or in the vast universe of God, to which the term "wonderful" so appropriately belongs as to the Lord Jesus Christ? There is no possible situation in which we can view Him, no light in which we can contemplate His character, since His birth in the manger, or even from eternity when He was in the bosom of the Father, in which He does not appear unto us as the Wonderful. The very passage in which this term is applied to Him is, in itself, full of wonder: "For unto us a child is born (a child!), unto

us a son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

How wonderful were all the circumstances of His birth! See Him "who was in the beginning with God, and who was God," assuming the nature and form of a servant, uniting real divinity and real humanity, condescending to be born of a woman, in extreme poverty! Behold Him a helpless infant, cradled in a manger! See what interest His birth is exciting in heaven! Bright angels are sent to proclaim it to the astonished shepherds, and the sages of the East are miraculously guided thither to do Him homage.

How wonderful in His character! What wisdom, even while a youth, as exhibited during His visit to the temple! What filial obedience and subjection to His parents, for thirty years! What spotless purity; what meekness and humility; what benevolence; what perfect obedience to the law; what resistance to temptation; what love to God and man!

The whole course of His ministry; the selection of His twelve apostles from among obscure fishermen; His miracles; His instructions and doctrines, especially those relating to His own mysterious character—all, all, were wonderful!

All the circumstances connected with His betrayal, arrest, mock trial, condemnation, and shameful death on the cross, were replete with wonder. His meekness and patience under insult, and reproach, and scourging, and torture, when the merest villain would have summoned to His protection more than twelve legions of angels—the flaming sword of heaven; His unexampled forbearance, yes, even benevolence, toward His cruel murderers; ah, yes! that prayer, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" His tender remembrance of His afflicted mother, when overwhelmed Himself with sorrow and agony, and His provision for her support and comfort; His last cry, "It is finished!" and His bowing His head and giving up the ghost—how truly wonderful! How wonderful, too, the sympathy which all nature, and even the sleeping dead, manifested with these dreadful scenes! The moon veiled her face in blood; the mountains and rocks trembled, and were rent in sunder; a shudder thrilled through all nature, and the dead awoke from their long, deep slumbers, and walked forth again among the living, astonished with wonder at the events that were transpiring.

How marvelous were the circumstances of His resurrection and subsequent interviews with His disciples, and His ascension to heaven, where He has gone to prepare a place among the many mansions for His friends, and where He ever liveth to make intercessions for them! Such is the Saviour. Truly, He is the Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father!

And will not all the future manifestations this Saviour shall make of Himself to the universe, like those that are past, also be wonderful? Yes, He will come in the clouds of heaven, with all His angels, and gather all nations before His bar, and pronounce a righteous sentence on each individual, according to the deeds done in the body. Happy will those then be who shall stand in the judgment, this Wonderful Saviour, a Friend and an Advocate!

## The Family.

## HARRIET MARTINEAU'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MARY D. WELCH.

[Concluded.]

We will now cite a bit of retrospection which follows this marked period: "In the first place it appeared to me when I was twenty, as it appears to me now, that the New Testament proceeds on the ground of necessary, rather than free will, doctrine. The prayer for 'daily bread' is there, it is true; but the Lord's prayer is compiled from very ancient materials of the theocratic age. The fatalistic element of the Essene doctrine strongly pervades the doctrine and morality of Christ and the apostles; and its curative union with the doctrine of a special providence is possible only under the theocratic supposition which is the basis of the whole faith. As for me, I seized upon the necessary element with eagerness, as enabling me to hold to my cherished faith; and I presently perceived, and took instant advantage of the discovery, that the practice of prayer, as prevailing throughout Christendom, is wholly unauthorized by the New Testament. Christian prayer, as prevailing at this day, answers precisely to the description of that Pharisaic prayer which Christ rebuked. His own method of praying, the prayer He gave His disciples, and their practice, were all wholly unlike anything now understood by Christian prayer, in Protestant as well as Catholic countries. I changed my method accordingly—gradually, perhaps, but beginning immediately and decidedly. Not knowing what was good for me, and being sure that every external thing would come to pass just the same whether I liked it or not, I ceased to desire, and therefore to pray for, anything external, whether 'daily bread,' or health, or life for myself or others, or anything whatever but spiritual good. There I for a long time drew the line. Many years after I had outgrown the childishness of wishing for I knew not what—of praying for what might be either good or evil. I continued to pray for spiritual benefits, I can

hardly say for spiritual aid, for I took the necessary view of even the higher form of prayer—that it brought about, or might bring about, its own accomplishment by the spiritual dispositions which it excited and cherished. This view is so far from simple, and so irreconcilable with the notion of a revelation of a scheme of salvation, that it is clear that the one or the other must give away. . . . I continued my practice of nightly examination of hourly conduct, and the evidence grew wonderfully strong that moral advancement came out of good influences rather than self-management; and that even so much self-reference as was involved in 'working out one's own salvation with fear and trembling,' was demoralizing.

"Thus I arrived—after long years—at the same point of ease or resignation about my spiritual as my temporal affairs, and felt that (to use a broad expression uttered by somebody) it was better to take the chance of being damned than to be always quaking oneself in the fear of it. (Not that I had any literal notion of being damned any more than any other born and bred Unitarian.) My prayers became simply an aspiration—'Thy will be done!' But still, the department of praise remained. I need hardly say that I soon drew back in shame from offering a divine being a homage which would be offensive to an earthly one; and when this practice was over, my devotions consisted in aspiration—very frequent and heartfelt—under all circumstances and influences. In proportion as the taint of fear and desire and self-regard fell off, and the meditation had fact instead of passion for its subject, the aspiration became freer and sweeter, till at length, when the selfish superstition had wholly gone out of it, it spread its charm through every change of every waking hour, and does now when life itself is expiring. . . . These are the gradations through which I passed. It took many years to travel through them, and I lingered long in the stages of speculation and taste, intellectual and moral. But at length I recognized the monstrous superstition in its true character of a great fact in the history of the race, and found myself, with the last link of my chain snapped, a free rover on the broad, bright, breezy common of the universe." May we not add, "Alas! without chart or compass!"

So long have we lingered over these records of the progressive steps by which she at length, after thirty years of hard and painful struggles, reached her present stand-point, we can only glance at a few paragraphs which emphatically prove that in thus letting entirely go the revelation of God, she wholly relinquished all hope of life beyond the present. How true it is, as she says that "when once Christianity ceases to be entertained as a scheme of salvation, the question of a future life becomes indeed one of which every large-minded and unselfish person may and should say, 'What does it signify?' Nothing! 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

Nearing the close of life she says she has no dislike nor dread of death. "It is simply ceasing to be." "The very conception of self and other, is, in truth, merely human, and when the self ceases to be, the distinction expires."

In closing up her Autobiography, and taking her "last view of the world," she says: "I am confident that a bright day is coming for future generations. Our race has been created as Adam, at nightfall. . . . The successive mythologies have arisen in the east, each a constellation of truths, each glorious and fervently worshipped in its course; but the last and noblest—the Christian—is now not only sinking to the horizon, but falling in the dawn of a brighter time. . . . The last of the mythological is about to vanish before the flood of a brighter light!"

And what is to be the grand, crowning truth of this dawning, brighter day? She tells us it is to be the exaltation of humanity—humanity self-exalted. No Christ-power. Nay, verily, that myth of the Christian theology will have been swept away, all conflict ended, and the true science of human nature established beyond controversy. She confesses that she has not an absolute assurance of this, but is very confident. How widely differing from all this is the belief and hope of the Christian! There is a brighter day to dawn, but it is when "the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted." (Isa. ii. 17). It is when Christ's dominion shall be from sea to sea, and His glory fill the earth.

How the "mythologies" referred to, "Christian" included, can be called a "constellation of truths," is incomprehensible. If "the last and noblest" was such, how could she so utterly reject it?

In reading these charming volumes—the autobiography of a highly intellectual and literary life—we feel sad that its pages contain so painful a record of religious views.

## AUNT CYNTHIA UPON CRACKED LIVES.

BY MARTHA NEALL.

Tim had just been reading in the evening paper a sad account of an unfortunate affair. A man had committed suicide, leaving a written explanation that it was owing to hard times, and his being completely discouraged and tired of living.

"A broken life," said Tim.

"Yes," said Aunt Cynthia, as she energetically snapped off a long needleful of yarn from the blue ball she was holding; "but there are cracked ones enough left. I wonder why parents do not bring up their children to expect disappointments, to overcome difficulties, and to know that success is always hard, and never easily won."

Aunt Cynthia, running her hand up inside of the stocking she was preparing to mend, calmly proceeded:—"The sooner young people understand their true positions in the school-room of life, as scholars who will not all win prizes, or as soldiers who cannot all be promoted, the fewer instances we shall have of this giving way to discouragements. Poor victims of a pernici-ous education—either dying by their own hands, or living lives of stunted inferiority and half-developed vitality!"

"I know of men," said Tim, "of whom people say earnestly, 'Had good prospects as any one once, but met with a disappointment; couldn't get over it—love-cracked, you know,' and they laugh as if it were no serious subject."

"Yes," said Aunt Cynthia, as she looks severely over her spectacles; "but it should have just the opposite effect. We can all go forward with everything in our favor, but it is a strong man and a strong spirit that is not swayed from their course for a storm. How much more worthy of admiration than one who, struck by some blast of fortune, bows his head despairingly, and is thereafter content to walk backward like a crab through life. It does me good to think of Squire Hurnton, for it was the making of him."

"What was?" asked the girls, getting out their work for the evening, while Henry, who had been looking out of the window, now came forward and put more wood on the fire, and then turned, like the others, an attentive face to his aunt.

Taking another stocking, she commenced: "Years ago, when I was about four years, Harry Hurnton was clerk for Simpson & Co. He was a gay, fine-looking fellow, not at all particular as to whether his salary was sufficient for his many expenses, for he was bound to have a good time at any rate. He was engaged to the only daughter of one of the solid, substantial families of that day, who did not approve of his habits and mode of life, and who finally succeeded in influencing Lucy, much against her will, to dismiss him. I have heard him say that, as he went home that night, the pavements seemed to burn his feet, and the very air to suffocate him; and that in his own chamber he went to the glass and talked to himself like this: 'Harry, are your eyes opened at last? They think you are going down, do they? But you are bound to go up, my boy! Remember that.' He became one of the closest and most constant of clerks, strictly attentive to business, and saved his money and wisely invested it. In time he rose to be head clerk, and on the evening of the day he was admitted junior partner, he married rich old Mr. Simpson's youngest daughter—and a lovely and accomplished wife she made him."

"There wasn't anything cracked about him," said Tim.

"No, indeed," Aunt Cynthia said with animation. "He made defeat serve but as steps to his own progress. That is the way one who is every inch a man will deal with disappointment—control it for his own good."

"How will one who is every inch a woman bear it?" asked one of the girls. "Do you know of an instance?"

"I had a dear friend in a country village who was discarded for one of more brilliant and showy appearance, yet without her unaffected goodness of heart and disposition. The gentleman acknowledged his error afterwards in the most graceful and convincing manner by placing his daughters in my friend's family to be educated and brought up, their mother being only too glad to be relieved of all care of them until they should arrive at an age to share her own round of folly and dissipation."

"And was your friend happy in thus caring for other people's children?" asked one of the young ladies.

"One of the happiest I have ever known. She was continually bringing comfort and happiness to other people."

"How different from Miss Stoughton at 'The Pines!' Yet people say she was both lovely and beloved once."

"Yes, but she brooded over, fostered and dwelt upon her disappointment till it grew to mammoth proportions, darkening her whole life, and like Aaron's serpent seeming to swallow up everything else. Whatever you expect, my children, in life, be sure and look for difficulties, but learn to overcome and rise superior to them. We are human clocks, as it were—God's time-pieces—and cares, troubles, vexations, and obstacles are the weights to keep our moral and physical, intellectual and spiritual machinery in regular motion, in order to accomplish the highest good and aim of our being."

"But why are some so much more heavily weighted than others?" asked Tim.

"Life, if one is inclined to speculate, is a perpetual query. Discipline is like medicine. Some need more, and some less, of it. It is bitter to take, but few escape the need of it sometimes. There are many ways and wherefore so scientist can solve, or philosopher answer. Let us do the best we can. This it is that will comfort us when the infinite Hand shall cease to press the spiral springs of our being, when the wheels of life run down to stop forever, and the soul sees, what now the body intercepts from view, the arc of our little lives complete. Then we shall not sor-

rowfully have to say, 'Ah! if I had but known!'"

Aunt Cynthia was looking steadily into the glowing coals, and her nephews and nieces were looking steadily at her, but no more was said.

## PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in the study. Writing letters, when I heard, "Please, dear mamma, Bridget told me Mamma mustn't be 'turbid."

"But I'm tired of the kiddy. Want some oyster ring to do; Writing letters, is 'em, mamma? Tan! I write a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy. Run and play with kitty now."

"No, no, mamma, no write letter. Tan if you will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait As his sweet eyes searched my face— Hair of gold and eyes of azure, Form of childish, watching grace.

But the eager face was clouded, As I slowly shook my head, Till I said, I'll make a letter Of you, darling boy, instead.

So I parted back the tresses From his forehead high and white, And a stamp in sport I pasted 'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter, Go away and bear good news." And I smiled as down the staircase Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried Down to Bridget in his glee, "Mamma's writing lots of letters; I'm a letter, Bridget—see!"

No one heard the little prattler, As once more, he climbed the stair, Reached his little cap and tippet, Standing on the entry chair.

No one heard the front door open, No one saw the golden hair, As it floated 'er his shoulders On the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened, 'Till he reached the office door, "I'm a letter, Mr. Postman; Is there room for any more?"

"Cause die letter's doin' to papa; Papa lives with God, 'ou know. Mamma sent me for a letter, Does 'ou flak 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered, "Not to-day, my little man." "Des I'll find anozzer office, 'Cause I must go if I tan."

Pain the clerk would have detained him, But the pleading face was gone, And the little feet were hastening, By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted, People fled to left and right, As a pair of maddened horses At that moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure— No one saw the golden hair, Till a voice of frightened sweetness Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only Stood the beautiful vision there; Then the little face lay lifeless, Covered 'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling, Brushed away the curls of gold, Saw the stamp upon the forehead, Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured, Showing where a hoof had trod; But the little life was ended—"Papa's letter" was with God.

—Authorship Unknown.

## REST.

BY ALICE ALLEN.

"Pink-cheeked and pearly, Sweetly he lies; The blue-veined lids O'er the bright young eyes.

Two white hands With their treasures of blue; Two dimpled feet Half hidden from view.

Sweet be his sleep Till the day grows dim, And the stars come out And beckon to him."

Rest! one of the first requirements of nature, supplied by her own "restorer, balmy sleep." Fair childhood's sleep! Later years know none so perfect, though doubly welcome then, as 't knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care."

How grateful "Are tired eyelids on tired eyes That bring down sleep from the blissful skies."

"He giveth His beloved sleep." Precious assurance, whether it means the sleep of the dream-land or the dreamless one!

But rest is not found alone in forgetfulness. A weary laborer—the day's toil ended—nears his home. There are patterings footsteps down the gravelled walk; a glimpse of an eager little face against the window-pane. Home at last! The footsteps have ceased beside his chair; the little face is pressed against his; the mother smiles lovingly upon all. The laborer rests at home!

But, as the years go on, and mind and soul expand, loudly clamorous above all other wants, is that of the soul for rest.

"Where, oh where, shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul?"

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, 'Come to Me!'" What weariness of body cannot be endured when there is soul-rest! "Thy will be done!" When that place is reached, "drop the anchor, furl the sail!"

Only those who have striven with weak hands to force back forbidden bolts can fully appreciate the wonderful rest that comes from receiving the "kingdom of God as a little child." When prostrate, refraining from the vain endeavor, above the closed portals they have read, "What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter," they

have read, believed, and found that peace promised by the angels in their love-song o'er the plains of Bethlehem more than eighteen centuries ago. What comfort to the souls of men did that song bring! Oh, toil-worn ones, "Rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing!"

Ab, does not every star in the heavens remind us of the one that heralded the birth of Jesus? And can we refrain from repeating softly to our, perchance, troubled hearts, "for God so loved the world?"

Man ere this had known his God. He had talked with him in Eden, had thundered upon Sinai, and revealed a little of the brightness of His glory to His lowly follower. These and other revelations had there been, but not till then had he known his Saviour; not till then had divinity been clothed in our frail humanity, to reveal how pure and holy life could be made. The command that had been given now was to follow the perfect Example. We wonder that the stars did not break forth into singing as at creation's dawn! Surely for us was reserved "some better thing!" Do we not sometimes think almost with pity of prophet and bard who longed to see this day, but were allowed only the dim foreshadowings of it? Yet sweet as is the rest it brought, it cannot be perfect this side the pearly gates.

"Two hands upon the breast, And labor's done; Two pale feet crossed in rest, The race is won; Two eyes with coin-weights shut And all tears cease."

Now the glorious fulfillment of the promise, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." We know not fully in what that rest will consist. The gates are not sufficiently ajar to reveal, but Paul has left this record of himself, "I shall be satisfied." If one of such labors realized that, of what may we not be assured? What a rest that was for Paul! "His race for glory ended, his one thing done." The thought of it had been his inspiration amid the scourgings, the dungeon darkness, and all his sufferings down to that moment of cruel martyrdom. Do we not grow "homesick for glory" when we contemplate what he has won? And do we not think with unutterable pity of those for whom no rest remaineth, who must be weary throughout eternity's countless ages, no rest for the worn frame or for the fevered brain, and—most terrible thought of all—no rest for the aching, sin-sick soul? It is only those who have worked for Jesus that will know the joy of the rest He gives; only to such that the stars of promise in the "firmament of Scripture" beckon with their radiant light. Yet those who may be nearing their "harvest home," bearing nothing but blighted grain and withered leaves, may redeem a wasted summer. Plentiful may be the aftermath.

When the harvest is all past, how sweet 'twill be to rest from toiling, from sighing, sinning, dying, from the waiting that makes the soul sick, from bearing the cross—your cross which you cannot lay down, and another take up! Perhaps you do not desire this; you may have learned to bear it uncomplainingly, finding it the "changed cross." Yet, it will not be joy when the Master bids you lay it down, and says, "Child, it is enough. Rest now and forever!" How the very anticipation of such an hour thrills the soul! for we are human, and though the soul be brave, the flesh will quiver with pain, and at times we can scarce forbear closing our eyes, wishing the death angel to seal them, and longing for the "hammers that beat in our temples to rest." It is only for a moment, however, for we are well assured there is One who knows better than we "what time is best."

For life to be translated into rest. Were it not for the finite part of our being, we should never tire; and when we part with that, when the infinite gets home, we shall know perpetual rest in an activity never possible here. Wonderful paradox! Absolute rest there can be none! Spirits constituted like ours must be active through the long cycles of eternity. The barriers to free thought removed, what joy 'twill be to investigate unchecked by prison bars, and to find there the answers to the many problems that so tantalize us here.

"Through life's vapor dimly seeing, Who but longs for light to break?"

How it dignifies and ennobles life when we realize that we are not preparing for a few brief years' service here, but an eternity of rest in labor over there! And oft shall we have need to offer the prayer, "Father, help, lest we enter into that rest because of unbelief!"

For life to be translated into rest.







